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FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1909.

Army and Navy Athletics.

Mr. Roosevelt left the influence of his athletic tendencies on the military and naval personnel by the orders he issued establishing a standard of physical fitness as a qualification for continuance of officers on active duty. The standard has been pronounced by some service observers as excessive and unreasonable in so far as it pretends to determine professional usefulness of individuals. Probably the system will be modified, but there is no avoiding the realization that a comprehensive and systematic system of physical training is a good thing for officers and enlisted men, as it is for people in civil life. The system ought to be encouraged for that reason, and it is, therefore, with appreciation of conservative views that his associates in the service will read a paper, just published by the United States Naval Institute, written by Commander A. P. Niblack, U. S. N.

That officer does not believe in an immediate adoption of compulsory exercise, but he maintains that there should be installed on ships of war machines and appliances which will enable officers and men to take exercise regularly. He says:

"If the army can afford to buy 500 'messenger horses' with a view to encouraging polo, the navy can certainly afford to introduce physical training on board ship on a scientific basis. If taken up as a part of the routine drills, it would increase the physical development of the officers and crew from 30 to 50 per cent in the first year. If left to mere voluntary effort, without a system, the machines would be left to rust and would soon reach the scrap heap. We have seen a revolution brought about in the gunnery by the Morris tube and the dotter. The system of athletic training here described is quite as revolutionary and as far-reaching in gymnasium methods."

Anything which will put the service personnel in a physical condition, contributing to individual alertness, and affording a successful resistance to sickness, is a good thing. It need not go so far to have undoubted merit as Mr. Roosevelt's requirements of an endurance test in horsemanship, or pedestrianism, or bicycle riding, in order to determine whether a major or a colonel in the army or a commander or a captain in the navy is fitted to discharge the active duties of his grade. Athletics in or out of the service are useful in keeping men in good condition only when the exercise is regular instead of spasmodic in preparation for an annual test. Commander Niblack concludes his admirable article with this passage in his plea for physical training in the navy:

"Officers who are awfully keen on additional weights on board ship will say that we have too much apparatus on board now. It is a curious fact, however, that there are lots of officers in the navy who are worrying about weights, and whether or not the armor belt is on straight, to whom a physical test will act in turning their thoughts toward the improvement in the personnel, which is, after all, the thing that counts in all navies. Our ships are all right; our gunnery is arriving, because we have the correct system; and as good as the physique of our officers and men is in general, it is idle to say that it is not a very much neglected item in the sum total that counts for war—and hence for peace."

Perhaps the only good Crazy Snakes are the deceased ones.

Standard Oil's Protection Safe.

A tariff-protected trust has no need of friends to plead its cause in the temple of protection. That office is willingly performed by its enemies. No sooner is it proposed to reduce the duties on a trust-made commodity or to place it on the free list than up rises a host of small producers to declare that the proposal spells their ruin. This plea makes it impossible to carry out the Bryan idea of putting trust-made products on the free list, or to realize Mr. Taft's dictum that protection should not be so excessive as to maintain a monopoly.

The countervailing duty on crude petroleum and its products is a case in point. It has been popularly supposed that this duty, so high as to be prohibitive, chiefly benefited the Standard Oil Company. It has been plausibly argued that the removal of the duty would reduce the price of oil to American consumers by introducing foreign competition, either actual or potential. These considerations influenced the Ways and Means Committee to remove the countervailing duty and place petroleum and its products on the free list. There it remained until the small producers of oil and the so-called independents heard of it. Then they swooped down upon the committee and declared that the Standard Oil Company could stand free trade in petroleum, but the producers of crude oil could not. It was represented that the Standard bought the bulk of its crude oil from thousands of small owners of oil wells throughout the country at a price fixed by itself; that the removal of the duty would not affect the trust, for any damage done would be passed on to the producers of the crude oil, who would be forced to sell at a lower price. Independent refiners declared they would be driven out of business by the competition of Mexican and Canadian oil fields that are being developed by the trust, the product of which would come in free if the countervailing duty were removed and no protective duty imposed.

Thus it is that, according to the version of the matter given by Congressional expo-

nents of the cause of the small producer and refiner, the Standard Oil Company is saved from the necessity of pleading for protective duties. That concern is perfectly safe, so far as the tariff goes, for the small producers will take care of the trust as well as themselves. It is now proposed to levy a straight duty of 30 or 40 per cent for the protection of all oil interests. To this we presume the trust will not object. At all events, the trust is not going to be swatted with the tariff club at this session. It is securely ensconced behind the small producer and the independent refiner.

The Optimist Club of America proposes April 1 as "Optimists' Day," instead of "All Fools' Day." This is a revolutionary suggestion, but not at all treasonable.

The White House Cow.

When dear old "Uncle Remus" visited the White House a year or so ago, he found, if memory serves aright, a condition of affairs therein and thereabouts very much to his liking, save and excepting a few of the domestic arrangements. He found the President's home life very pretty, and sweet, and wholesome—but he noted the absence of the family cow with profound disapproval, and the situation moved him to the few remarks pitched in a minor key that came from him in respect of that memorable occasion.

Well, it is different now, and we are sorry "Uncle Remus" is not with us on earth nowadays to tell, in his quaint and soothing way, just how glad he is to know that it is so. He still might not be quite satisfied, of course. His soul would hanker for a garden, and some chickens, too, mayhap. But he would indorse the cow fully, we doubt not. "Uncle Remus" could get a whole lot of solid comfort and real pleasure contemplating a cow about the place.

We think the displacement of "Pete" at the hands—or, rather, hoofs, of course—of a peaceful, gentle, well-groomed cow has brought a large measure of satisfaction to all parts of the country. Somehow, it seems to argue less strenuous times ahead—more sunshine and roses about the White House, and fewer thunderstorms. Not that a thunderstorm does not serve a good purpose now and then, to be sure—for it does. It clears up an uncertain atmosphere wonderfully at times; and while thunderstorms have interfered temporarily with many a picnic in this world, they have, nevertheless, only emphasized the happiness incident to the calm that inevitably follows. But sufficient unto the day are the thunderstorms thereof—and that more restful days than those just passed are to be the order of the immediate future we apprehend few will regret to know.

We extend the assurance of our most distinguished consideration to "Mooley," the White House cow. We accept her nonpernicious activity within the sphere of her influence as a token of abiding serenity and a promise of great joy. May the grass grow long, and juicy, and tender, and abundantly on the lawn assigned to her for pasturage. May the trees shade her generously from the summer's sun; may perfumed zephyrs from the placid Potomac cool her, and keep her satisfied. Fate has set aside for her a noble and uplifting mission.

The tariff doctors display a perfectly ethical disposition to prescribe copiously for the other fellow's ailments the while they decline their own medicine enthusiastically.

Mr. Harriman's Advice to the Country.

Mr. Harriman is always interesting; never more so than when lading out to the American people wisdom in huge chunks. His point of view respecting railway combinations is sufficiently familiar, for it has been adopted in part both by Mr. Roosevelt and President Taft. So far as reasonable agreements between railroads for the handling of traffic and the conduct of their mutually dependent operations are concerned Mr. Harriman is on solid ground; but when he goes on to assert that unlimited railway combination and consolidation are a good thing for the public, he occupies debatable territory. And when he travels still farther to declare that it is none of the public's business how or what railroad securities are issued, he gets beyond reason altogether.

We do not have to go outside Mr. Harriman's own career as a railroad financier for proof that the public is mightily concerned in the hows and whys and wherefores of transportation finances. Mr. Harriman may speak lightly of "that little Alton affair, about which so much fuss was made," and demand what the fuss amounted to, but public opinion regarded it more seriously. Possibly the fuss amounted to nothing more than the stirring up of public opinion, yet that was a good deal, and may yet have useful consequences. Of that little Alton affair, the Interstate Commerce Commission has said that it was "rich in illustrations of various methods of indefensible financing." In itself it furnished conclusive evidence that public control should be established over issues of railway securities, the manufacture and flotation of which Mr. Harriman assumes to be none of the public's business.

There is good ground for suspecting that Mr. Harriman's frequently expressed opposition to the Sherman anti-trust law is founded on its effectiveness rather than on its deficiencies. It may be recalled that Mr. Harriman has confessed to some rather ambitious plans with respect to railway consolidation in the western half of the United States. As the Interstate Commerce Commission has said, "to gather under one head all existing transcontinental lines, or as many as possible, and to exclude the incoming of all competitors," was the manifest Harriman policy. His plans, if executed, "would have subjected to a common will and policy nearly one-half the territory of the United States—a comparatively undeveloped, rapidly growing, and extremely rich territory, into which must necessarily extend the population and business of the Eastern States."

Mr. Harriman has frankly admitted that nothing but the Sherman law stands in the way of his realization of this truly Napoleonic project—a project which many people consider as dangerous as it is contrary to public policy. So that those who fear the exercise of tremendous powers over business and transportation by a single man, no matter how beneficent a despot, may well be excused if they fail to see any reason for amending the Sherman law according to the Harriman idea.

We find more to praise in Mr. Harriman's essentially sound advice to our government to practice economy. Governmental extravagance is one of our worst evils, all the more so that the necessary extensions of governmental functions are numerous and necessarily involve some expense. The mistake is frequently made of charging up to these extensions the whole sum of governmental extravagance; but we apprehend that the real trouble will be found in other quarters. Our effort should be to save the money that is now frittered away, or lost in various forms of more or less wrongful graft, so that the more may be available for those governmental agencies of which we are in need for the service of the people. It is to be hoped that economy in administration will be studied more and more by all our governmental officers; and, although they may not be able to apply railroad methods of saving, they certainly can cut off many sources of indefensible waste. It is a subject worthier the genius of a Harriman than the speculative exploitation of railway enterprises.

A casual glance through the daily papers will convince any man that the spring poets have rejected with scorn the contention that the solar plexus, and not the heart, is the real seat of true love.

Statesmen in Congress wabbly on the tariff should have unbosomed themselves on the floor of the House yesterday. In case anything they said arose afterward to affright them, they could have claimed they were only April fooling.

The Mexican Herald calls for "a sound revision of the tariff." Words, words; nothing but words. That would suit some of the stand-patters exactly.

The Brooklyn Eagle refers to Mr. John Fitzgerald as "the rising hope of a sane Democracy." Somebody will be calling Mr. Fitzgerald a "peerless leader," next thing he knows.

We are now assured that peace is to stay put in the Balkins for many years to come. If that situation can be brought about in the Balkans, why should nations anywhere on earth have any more war scares?

Those Colorado train robbers who relieved a Pullman porter of $14.75 may have been moved as much by revenge as avarice, however.

"There are fewer red-headed girls than there used to be," says a writer in a woman's magazine. This may be true, apparently, while the fact is, the red-headed girl is only hiding her light under a bushel or so of millinery nowadays.

Five per cent reduction in the tariff on refined sugar? Oh, fudge!

If variety is the spice of life, surely the Democratic party ought to be the most highly seasoned political proposition in this land of the free and home of the brave.

A complaint has been made in Parliament that King Edward travels too much. And yet his majesty long ago forsook his old time pace.

Representative Moon, of Tennessee, recently described a certain political situation as "humiliating, dishonorable, contemptible, and pusillanimous." Mr. Moon may be tendered a job as subassociate editor of the Outlook some day.

Gov. Haskell, of Oklahoma, is something of a war dancer himself.

There are fifty-one "Williams" in Congress, it seems. Surely, where there are so many "Wills" there ought to be a way to get the tariff bill passed with promptness and dispatch.

If the women of this land followed the lead of Mrs. Hetty Green in the matter of feminine fashions, we are sure the professional jokesmiths would leave Mrs. Green to the exclusive attention of the serious-minded writers.

It seems that the ministers of Mississippi have formed a "combine." We have feared something of the kind. By and by we shall have a parson trust in this country, perhaps, and it will probably get salvation off the free list before it quits.

Mr. Taft may be quite as sure that there was a Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence as he is that 'possum meat "am good an' sweet," however.

There were "loan sharks" in Cleopatra's day, too, it seems. And some of those Egyptians would be paying on their original $20 loans yet, we presume, had not all parties to the contracts died in the meantime.

"Uncle Sam" is unwilling that his daughters should vote, but he does not object, it seems, to their paying an additional tax on kid gloves, stockings, and things. That is, if Mr. Sereno Payne knows what he is talking about.

And if Mr. Edwards, of Georgia, takes another real, hard think, mayhap he will conclude that his Congressional salary is $6,845.29 too high.

"Won't the Richmond Times-Dispatch admit that Richmond has more corns per hill than any other place in the State?" inquires the Norfolk Landmark. No; it probably will not. But we have no doubt it will claim that Richmond "corndodgers" are the finest on earth.

Going to the Dogs.

From the Baltimore Star.

If two scientific heads are wiser than one, or the sum total of their opinions is closer to the truth than either's individual ideas, then this great United States is speeding down the road to perdition and cannot stop. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of the Princeton University, sees political and economic power carried from the rural districts, including the smaller towns, upon the general flow of population to the cities. Dr. Siegfried Lilliensteln, a brilliant physician from Germany, now visiting this country, finds the business strain in our cities steadily decaying our nervous systems and softening our brains. If both see the prevailing American tendencies with clear eyes, then control of the country is passing to an element fast becoming neurotic and paretic, and bound in the end to be lunatics if not idiots.

May Have to Write Them.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Later on occasions may arise which will call for mesages from Mr. Taft as long as those which Mr. Roosevelt used to write.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A SPRING-TIME DILEMMA.

Making garden, keeping hens; both are pleasant things.
Fixing up the beds or pens lots of pleasure brings.
But a choice must be made; can't do both, you know.
Shall a fellow ply the spade, or to fenoing go?

Making garden, keeping fowls; both are pleasant chores.
Now's the time a fellow prowls 'round among the stores.
Shall a chap invest in seed, or in chicks rejoice?
'Tis a mooted point, indeed; hard to make a choice.

Friendly Advice.

"I'm thinking of jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Well?"

"What's your advice?"

"Don't do it. Vaudeville is overcrowded now."

The Amateur Sherlock.

"That young fellow hasn't been married so very long," remarked the first passenger.

"He goes to the buffet car a good deal," objected the second passenger.

"Yes; but he comes back to his wife a good deal, too."

The Happy Bachelor.

Five hundred buttons to a gown!
Oh, my!
I'm glad none such to button down
Have I.

Quite So.

"How can I show my love?"

"What do you mean?"

"Words are inadequate."

"I see. And kisses are insanitary. It's a tough world."

Safe to Offer.

"Men only offer pretty women seats in the cars."

"Stylish women, you mean," corrected the perfect brute. "They can't sit down in these new gowns."

Another Version.

April frosts, so they say, don't bring nuthin' much in May.

POLITICS OF THE PAST.

Col. Watterson Recalls Some Republican Tariff Reformers.

Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Assuredly we have seen queer things in politics and have lived through eccentric times. Gen. Sherman urged Mr. Hayes to make Gen. Joseph E. Johnston Secretary of War. Hayes not only wanted to do it, but submitted the proposition to a council of his friends. He did make Judge Key, an old-line Democrat and a Confederate soldier, Postmaster General. Cleveland put Gresham at the head of his Cabinet. And here comes Taft, with his nerve and his smile, to put MacVeagh, the free trader, so-called, and Dickinson, who "never voted a Republican ticket and never expects to," in two of the foremost places within his gift. Even Knox, his prime minister, was but a year ago talking "Back to the Constitution" like a very drab of a Democrat, whilst only a little before that Mr. Bryan was accusing Mr. Roosevelt of stealing his clothes and the cartoonists were picturing Roosevelt and Bryan as the two Dromios.

For my part, I have worn my partyism as my raiment, loose enough for my own comfort. I was a good Union boy in 1861, like thousands of other boys who later along served the Confederacy with loyal devotion. I got what the protectionists used to call my free trade ideas mainly from my good friends Allison and Blaine and John Sherman, who, having "freed the nigger," were "going to free the trade." David A. Wells, when I first "consorted" with him, was a Republican. Garfield became, along with me in London, a member of the free trade Cobden Club.

The Liberal movement of 1872 was, in its conception, a free trade movement. Horace White, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, an out-and-out Republican, had translated Bastiat for us. Joseph Medill, who immediately followed Horace White as editor and owner of the Tribune, was a free trader long before he died, although he could not see his way to breaking his party allegiance, and, when the tariff was at the fore, hobbled along as best he could upon intellectual crutches. George Hoadley, Stanley Matthews, Schurz, the Brinkerhoffs, Lyman Trumbull, David Davis, the Adams contingent, headed by Sam Bowles, Republicans all, were free traders; that is, revenue reformers of varying degrees.

The nomination of Greeley knocked the calculations of these into a cocked hat. Some of them fell back into line and supported Grant. The Republican party got its second wind, so to say, as to protectionism. The Democrats found with the coming of Tilden four years later an issue that did not originate in, or carry back to, sectional agitation; though we had a long, hard fight against the elements led by Randall before we made it party law. And now Taft, with Franklin MacVeagh on his right and Jacob McGavock Dickinson on his left, thinks to take this away from us by the make-believe of a revision, which will eliminate the tariff from the public mind for a dozen years or so. Go to, Mr. President, go to; the country does, indeed, need the rest cure; but not from tariff agitation until the duties are reduced to a revenue basis; rather from the ravages of your friend, Theodore Roosevelt's, intemperate agitations and strenuous personality.

Tom Reed's Keen Comment.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Champ Clark's complaint that the Republicans of the Ways and Means Committee had prepared the tariff bill without consulting their Democratic colleagues recalls one of the cleverest things ever said in the House of Representatives. The Mills bill was prepared by the Democratic members of the committee without consultation with the Republicans. When that bill was reported to the House Thomas B. Reed expressed his regrets that the contents of the measure had been withheld from the wise and prudent and revealed unto the babes.

It Will Be Preserved.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Senator Aldrich has bought a ticket for the purpose of going to Europe about June 1. He will no doubt have the United States Senate put in cold storage before he starts.

THE CHURCH.

Here stand I,
Buttressed over the sea!
Time and sky
Take no toll from me.

To me, gray,
Wind-gray, flung with foam,
Ye that stray,
Wild-foot, come ye home!

Mother, I—
Mother I will be!
Ere ye die,
Hear! O sons at sea!

Shall I fall,
Leave my flock of graves!
Not for all
Your rebelling waves!

I stand fast—
Let the waters cry!
Here I last
To eternity.

—John Galsworthy, in the Nation.

THE GROUCH.

It's all very well to be nursing a grouch, when everything travels awry, and you haven't the pieces-of-eight in your pouch to pay for a cranberry pie; it's all very well to use language galore, and cover your whiskers with foam; you may prance around town with a head that is sore—but it's beastly to carry it home! You may be discouraged and worn by the strife; then make all your kicks on the street, for the man who will wear out his grouch on his wife isn't fit for a cannibal's meat; if troubles and worries are beating you down, and bringing gray hairs to your dome, 'twill do in the office to carry a frown, but it's ghoulish to carry it home! The Lord, who made sparrows and Katy H. Dids, loves the man who is stalwart and brave, who cheerily goes to his wife and his kids, though his hopes may be fit for the grave; but the Lord has no use for the 20-cent skate, whose courage is weak as the foam; who piles up his sorrows, and shoulders the weight, and carefully carries it home!

WALT MASON.

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WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

Apropos of the engagement of Muriel White, daughter of the American Ambassador to France, to Count Seherr-Thoss, it may be said that this is not the first time her name has been sentimentally connected with young members of the European nobility. When her father was Ambassador to Rome and the Whites occupied the Harter villa just outside of Florence, Miss White was reported engaged to an Italian nobleman of high rank who was an intimate friend of the royal family, and it was said the latter were anxious to bring about the marriage of their ami intime with the American heiress. There were some grounds for the gossip, for Mrs. White was a warm friend of the Duchess of Aosta, and on more than friendly terms with Queen Helena, both of whom used their influence to bring the young people together, but the affair ended in smoke. Before then the beautiful Muriel was reported as betrothed to Marshall O. Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts, of New York. Later Howard de Walden was said to be the favored one, and again she was credited with being the fiancee of Austin Chamberlain, but none of these rumors was correct, and for the last few years her friends have given her up as a hopeless case, and it was prophesied that her experience had made her so exacting that she would remain a spinster forever.

She has disappointed the prophets, however, by her engagement to the young German nobleman, for whom she has consented to surrender her religious prejudices and be married by the rites of the Catholic Church and allow her children to be brought up in that communion.

Muriel White first came into social prominence ten years ago, when her father was Secretary of the American Embassy in London, as the bridesmaid of Lady Marjorie Primrose, daughter of the Earl of Rosebery and granddaughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, some of whose millions she inherited, who married the Earl of Crewe. The future Countess Seherr-Thoss is, therefore, a girl of mature years, with a social training, and, therefore, apt to be more successful in her new position than if she were a callow debutante.

Marion Crawford is reported as being very ill at his villa in Sorrento, and if one must be ill or one must die, a no more beautiful place could be chosen for these acts than the Villa Crawford on the point of Sant' Agnello at Sorrento. This point projects far out into the beautiful blue water of the Bay of Naples, and from the wonderful villa, which combines classic beauty with modern conveniences, marble steps lead down to the water. In the distance one sees Naples, Capri, and Vesuvius belching forth smoke and fire, and as a background there are hills thickly wooded with olive trees. Over all, that mysterious atmosphere which Mr. Crawford has so successfully introduced into his books. The country people of Sorrento look upon the American novelist as their good father, and are always eager to tell the story of his beneficences; but, although he claims America for his country, is he an American author? He was born in Lucca, famous for its baths and its oil, educated at Cambridge, England, where most of his time was devoted to the mastering of Oriental languages, and his whole life has been passed abroad, at his home in Italy or in travel, so that he is entitled to be called an international author, rather than an American.

The Capital was the scene of the culmination of a pretty romance that occurred recently. The daughter of one of the New York plutocrats, with her mother and elder brother, sailed from Italy in February on one of the great ocean greyhounds. On the same ship, in the second cabin, was a handsome young Italian, who was pointed out to her as a count, with the information that he had come second class so that he might have an opportunity to study the passengers of that grade and the steerage at close hand. Despite the difference in their accommodations the young American girl and the pseudo Italian count met frequently, and to the moonlight walks they enjoyed together neither her brother nor her mother opposed objection. How far they went on the road of sentiment it is not wise to say, but those who witnessed their separation at the pier say that their farewells were rather tender. Miss Plutocrat was doubtless happy in the thought that she would see the adoring count soon again, but days passed and the tilted one did not put in an appearance at the big brown stone front in Fifth avenue. Mother wondered, brother wondered, and daughter herself wondered and grew pale and sick under the suspense; finally, to take her mind off her grief, for it really amounted to that, her family decided to take her traveling. Washington was the first place on their itinerary, and here they landed the other day, but neither the beauty of the city, the doings of Congress, the theaters, nor the motor ride about town interested the love sick little lady. One day, however, the party happened to take tea at a certain hotel where Italian music is played during afternoons. "Solo Mia" and "Bella Napoli" especially appealed to little Miss Plutocrat, and her mother noticed that her eyes were fixed upon one of the players with intense interest. That night they gave a little dinner at this same hotel, and mamma after one glance at one of the waiters who served them said to her son:

"If I did not know that it was not he I should say that this man was the count without his mustache."

But the daughter did know, and, when he passed her the lobster, their eyes met. There was no recognition, however, on either side, and through the rest of the dinner he was the obsequious servant and she the little grande dame, whose head was held very high as she quitted the dining-room. The next morning some violets were sent to her room without a card, but after one glance she left them in the box in which they came, and that afternoon, in obedience to one of her whims, her mother and brother took her to Fort Monroe, where she is said to be the gayest belle at that very gay place; but the man who plays one of the violins in the Italian band at a certain hotel in town of an afternoon is far from gay. He looks as if he had received his death coup, and the instrument in his hand shrieks out his agony. Who knows? He may be the tilted person his friends represented him to be, or he may be only a peasant; but whatever he is the girl who loved him has received her lesson, and from now on she will think less of counts.

SENATOR ELKINS' REVOLT.

Opinions of His Protest Against New England Domination.

From the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

We are very glad to see Senator Elkins standing with Democrats for a tariff which shall give the South full justice. He says truly enough that New England is over-represented on the tariff-framing committees and that the Payne bill is largely a New England measure. But when he says, further, that "the interests of the South are being crucified," we must take exception to the strength of his language. He greatly overstates the case, and may thereby lead Southern interests to do themselves a mischief.

The fact is, this section, all the circumstances considered, has not fared very badly. We must remember that the country's tariffs are constructed by political manipulation and that the South almost altogether lacks influence politically. Then we must remember, also, the fact of promised reductions and the possibility that those reductions would be made largely at the South's expense. But, while this section is very far from faring with the best, actual discrimination against it seems slight. Perhaps there will be much more cause for loud Southern complaints before the tariff takes on its final shape, but the Payne bill itself does not present the appearance of a studiedly South-burdening measure.

From the Baltimore Sun.

On practical grounds there is no valid reason why the "incidental protectionist" of Dixie, from Virginia to Florida, should provide New England with cheap raw materials for the mere happiness of paying a stiff price for the manufactured products into which New England will convert these raw materials. Between Mr. Elkins' straight protection and the incidental protection of Georgia and Alabama Democrats, there may be a difference in form and degree. But the Georgia and Alabama Democrats who want, as an incident of a duty laid for revenue, protection for their coal and for their iron ore, can, without sacrifice of their principles, join hands with the Republican Mr. Elkins in keeping New England from "hogging the game." Do Southern Democrats really believe New England commendation is a fair exchange for the raw materials in which the Southern States abound? Can they designate any concrete advantage which they will derive from giving New England unrestricted access to their resources when New England will tax them to the extreme limit on the products of its factories? It may be magnificent loyalty to principle, but is it business on the practical lines on which the descendants of the Pilgrims manage their affairs

From the Hartford Courant.

Men were saying things like that in Congress about New England before Mr. Elkins was born—as far back as President Jackson's time. New England is as used to being slatted as the eels were to being skinned. Mr. Calhoun was shocked at her greed in tariff matters. Mr. Vallandigham was similarly affected at a later day. Once there was a facetious Senator who apologized for referring to one of Mr. Aldrich's predecessors as "the Senator from New Hampshire," by saying that those little States up there were so very little he really couldn't remember which was which.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

Gov. Hughes' Effort to Restore It in New York.

From the Rochester Herald.

Every thoughtful American realizes that popular government is undergoing a severe test in this country. It has not yet fully demonstrated that it ought to exist, because it has not yet convinced any one that it existed. What we have in fact is far different from what the founders of our government conceived in theory. Nominally, we choose our executives of city, county, and State in conventions composed of delegates who represent an expression of the popular will. Actually, as every one knows, the delegates are the puppets and stool-pigeons of a boss, or of several bosses, according to the area of the territory affected by their action. In theory, we have legislatures which are representative of the people. In reality, we have legislatures composed, for the greater part, of men who have been named by the boss-ordered conventions, who feel no sense of obligation to the people, and who are as much the dependents and creatures of the boss as are his lackeys and body-servants.

Now this is not popular government. It is the feudal system, which our ancestors were accustomed to condemn and deride as an institution of oppression, intolerable to free men, and defended only by the knavish, who thrived by it, and by the weak and simple, who knew not how to rid themselves of it. But perhaps our forefathers were all wrong. It may be that the feudal system of political organization is the only practical one, after all. It may be that the boss is a natural and necessary development of the unwillingness, or the unfitness, of the people to govern themselves.

Gov. Hughes proposes to put the question of their fitness for self-government to the people themselves. Let us see how they decide it.

Roosevelt and Taft.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Disraeli's definition of a consultation is brought again to the mind. Slightly changed, it may be thus put: "An occasion in which the policy of the previous doctor is indorsed and the treatment modified." Still, the effect of power, flattery, and popularity on the present Executive will be watched with interest, if not with solicitude.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Many of the missionaries in Liberia have adopted the barter system in their work among the natives," said William B. Thatcher, a civil engineer, of New York, who is at the New Willard, in discussing the Liberian situation last night, with particular reference to the work accomplished by the missionaries in that country.

"This places the missionary on the same level with the trader. The enormous profit made is a temptation to good men," continued Mr. Thatcher, who has spent many years in the Dark Continent, "many of whom have turned aside for filthy lucre. From 150 to 200 per cent sometimes are easily made on some things. The government has been liberal to the missionaries in allowing free entry to everything used by them in their work. The Muhlenberg station ships coffee to the United States. A woman who has been a missionary at Monrovia for twenty-five or more years deals in kerosene oil and other commodities, which are sold at a large profit. The popular opinion is that some of these bartering missionaries are quite as much interested in their wares as in the souls of the heathen. It would be far better if the boards in the United States under whose auspices they operate would relieve the workers in Africa from this practice by supplying them with sufficient means to carry on the work without it.

"Liberia needs the strong hand of the United States to guide it through its present difficulties. They are of our own colored people, and it seems to me that it is our duty to straighten out their difficulties and protect them from the encroachments of Great Britain. It is not at all out of the range of possibilities that Liberia in years to come might prove a profitable field for American capital."

Harry B. Farnum, of Seattle, Wash., who is at the Raleigh, speaking of means of transportation in the North, said last night that the malamute is the practical beast of burden of the Northland.

"He is a cross between the dog and the wolf, retaining the gentle disposition of the former and the rugged strength and endurince of his wild ancestors. He takes the same place with the prospector, fur trader, and mail carrier in Alaska as held by the horse in the States. A trained malamute is worth from $100 to $500. Good lead teams have sold as high as $1,500. The English and Irish setters make good racing dogs for short distances, but they have not the endurance of the malamute."

"By the way," continued Mr. Farnum, "have you heard about the $10,000 dog race which will be pulled off in Alaska this month, if it wasn't pulled off today. All Nome has forgotten about big gold strikes; the operators and prospectors of the Seward peninsula are looking for class among dogs rather than pay dirt running $100 to the pan, and the streets of the big mining camps from Juneau to the Arctic circle are filled with dog teams, hardening up over the well-packed snow in preparation for this race.

"The annual arctic classic," added Mr. Farnum, "the All Alaska sweepstakes, was inaugurated on April 1 of last year. The race course was from Nome to Candle and return, a distance of 440 miles. Ten dog teams were entered for the first event, racing for a purse of $3,500 for the winners, $1,000 to the second team and $500 to the third. A cup valued at $100 also was carried away by the winning dogs. Albert Fink's team of nine malamutes won the 1908 event; Mr. Berger's ten dogs of the same breed ran second, and Mort Atkinson's six malamutes, with a lead team of English setters, carried away the show money. The three winners were the only teams to finish. The other seven entries met with bad luck in the shape of a snow storm, and were buffeted about for two days, lost their bearings and were forced to leave their fate to the instinct of the dogs, who brought them all home safely. It was a great race, and I am anxious to learn the winners this year."

"Yankee Doodle" was originally a country dance of a district of the former province of Kur-Hessen, called the "Schwalm," according to Herr Sebastian H. Kohler, a banker of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, who is at the Arlington. Mr. Kohler is a close student of American history, and said it was well known that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" was derived from a military march played by the Hessian troops during the war of the Revolution in America.

"In studying the dances of the 'Schwalm,' Johann Lewalter was struck by the similarity in form and rhythm of 'Yankee Doodle' to the music of these dances. Last year, at the kirmess of the village of Wasenberg, when 'Yankee Doodle' was played, the young men and girls swung into a true 'Schwalmer' dance, as though the music had been composed for it.

"During the war of 1776," continued the German, who many years ago lived five years in this country, "the chief recruiting office for the enlistment of the Hessian hired soldiers was Ziegenhain, in Kur-Hessen. It therefore seems probable that the Hessian recruits from the 'Schwalm' who served in the pay of Great Britain during the Revolutionary war, and whose military band instruments consisted of bugles, fifes, and drums only, carried over with them the tune, known to them from childhood, and played it as a march."

O. P. Moore, a lawyer of New York, who is at the Riggs, said last night that the American diplomatic service could never attain the same high degree of efficiency as that of other countries.

"Just about when the incumbent feels that he knows something about his business and post, a Presidential election comes along, and custom compels him to tender his resignation to the President, which is usually accepted, simply because the ambassadorial posts, as well as those of the ministers and others, are political plums and belong to those who have contributed toward the success of the party which has come into power.

"As I said, about the time our representatives abroad begin to learn their business, they are called back to give place to a new and inexperienced successor. The diplomats of other countries stay in the service as long as they are useful, political fortunes having no influence on their positions. For this reason foreign trade and commerce are growing by leaps and bounds everywhere and American foreign interests are not as effectively protected as they might be."

"The Senatorial situation in Illinois is much mixed up," said Richard S. Henshaw, of Chicago, who is at the Arlington, last night. "It is absolutely wrong to think that somebody else besides Senator Hopkins will be elected United States Senator. Nothing of the sort. It will be either Hopkins or nobody. That's the whole situation in a nutshell. It has been said that Busse and Deneen and others would renounce him and vote for somebody else, or at least use their influence in behalf of another candidate. I don't believe they dare do that in the face of Senator Hopkins' election at the primaries and his indorsement for the Senate by the Republican State convention. The Republicans of Illinois cannot afford to go back on their own word."

Going Too Far.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

To split an infinitive is not a mortal offense, but the Columbia State split one in a two-column headline in 18-point type. No one is justified in torpedoing an infinitive.